

# THE CINCINNATI MET.

VOL. I.

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NO. 18.

Full many a barrel that's topped with hope serene,  
In dark, unfathomed pockets finds a place;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste his dollars on a losing race.

—Tennyson's *Stanzas*.

The sea of Democratic heads at Chicago will be plentifully sprinkled with white caps.

Our government to France: "Thanks for your noble gift of the statue of Liberty." Mental reflection: "What the deuce shall we do with it?"

A little girl of Burlington, Iowa, saved \$400 from the sale of flowers. Her father deserted his family and carried off the money. That assisted the mother to a divorce.

Chinese crackers have been abolished on the Fourth and now Congress celebrates the glorious day of liberty and independence by declaring more emphatically than ever that the Chinese must go.

A Kansas shoemaker stopped work and began to spend money freely. He was on that account arrested on suspicion of having robbed a stage coach. Then he had to confess and that he was heir to an English quarter of a million.

The bank that suspends temporarily but will resume in a short time has turned up in two or three places within a few days. The promise of resumption keeps the depositors amused till the bank officers get to Canada with what is left of the missing money.

General Logan is the first man the Republicans have nominated for a Vice Presidency with a wife to share his honors. Dayton, nominated in 1856; Hamilton, in 1860; Johnson, in 1864; Colfax, in 1868; Wilson, in 1872; Wheeler, in 1876; and Arthur, in 1880, were all widowers.

In Milford, Mass., about 1760, George Washington tied his horse to a tree while he went into the house to get his dinner. The tree has stood until a few weeks ago, when it was cut down, as it was in the way of travel, and saved it up in memorial blocks.

"Doctor, I come to see you about my younger brother."

"What is the matter with him?"

"One of his legs is shorter than the other, and he limps. Now, what would you do in a case of that kind?"

"I reckon I'd limp, too."

"You had better make haste with your breakfast, Deacon," said his wife, "or we will be late to church. Don't you want a cup of coffee?"

"No, I guess not," the good old Deacon replied. "Coffee keeps me awake."

William Henry Hurlbert, formerly editor of the New York *World*, will be married to Miss Tracy, of New York, in August. The ceremony will be solemnized at the Yorkshire residence of Mr. Beckett Denison. Hurlbert taking his wife to Italy for their wedding journey.

In Kansas a trick to evade the liquor law is to have an obscure room stocked with drink, and give keys to all customers. They enter at pleasure and get their drink, depositing the cash in a box. No one is seen to receive the money, and hence the great difficulty of convictions.

A Parsee girl has astonished her race in India by bringing on action for breach of promise of marriage. It is the first of the kind known among them, and the scandal is great. As the girl was unsuccessful in her suit it would seem that the Parsee, like some civilized females, was inclined to be parsimonious.

A midnight marauder put the contents of a hen house into a bag at Alto, Mich., and was surprised next day, on dumping the fowls for sale at a market, to see that they consisted of two three-legged hens, a double-headed duck, and a nearly headless goose. He had taken the stock of a traveling museum.

A report was current in the Vatican world lately that the Pope had received a poisoned letter, the smell of which caused its detection. The report probably arose out of the fact that the Pope received a letter announcing that a serious attempt was about to be made against the Vatican, which strongly and painfully impressed him.

A novel church entertainment occurred in Georgia. A printed bill widely distributed in Darien contained these lines: "He will hang on June 20. There will be a grand excursion from Darien to Brunswick, Ga. and see a wonder that has not taken place in Glynn county before in twenty years. There will be a big supper and hop at the hall. Round trip only \$1. Children not excepted. Remember, a good band of music will attend. Come one, come all, and go with us." This was signed by the pastor and trustees, and what they proposed was an excursion to see the hanging of a colored man, named Rubie Payton.

Miss Marion Langdon is the most beautiful girl in New York, far prettier than Miss Chamberlain or Mrs. Langtry. Next year, when she is twenty-one, she will come into a fortune of seven million dollars. She is said to be a learned young lady, but cold and austere as becomes a lady whose virtues are valued at millions of dollars.

When Albert Giles was a small boy his father put him into a half orphan asylum in Virginia, though not compelled by poverty to do so. Albert later retaliated by sending his paupered parent to a poorhouse, though abundantly able to take care of him. The case is being considered by the church to which the revengeful son belongs.

Bob Ingersoll having said that the ark was 120 years in building, and that by the time the last sticks were put in the early ones would be rotten, Col. Carey showed that it was built of gopher wood, and a gate at St. Peter's of this material has withstood the storms of 1,100 years, and is as sound to-day as it was when erected. It is so thoroughly permeated with pitch that it cannot rot.

The entire management of Mammoth Cave—hotel, cave and all—is done by a woman—a handsome English "old maid." She succeeds very well, except that the hacks running to and from Cave City always arrive at the cave just after the hour for entering the cave and leave just before the hour when tourists come out of the cave. Anybody intending to do the cave must give themselves at least forty-eight hours for the trip.

Congressman Springer, of Illinois, chairman of the investigating committee which has recently occupied a considerable share of public attention, is described as "tall and thin. He has a good Roman head, a handsome, short black and silver beard and a growing scarcity of black and silver hair on the top of his head. He has to use glasses, too, though he is younger than the average man of thirty. He was forty-eight on Decoration day.

The meeting of the Union League to endorse Blaine was by no means unanimous. Mr. David Brooks, the distinguished electrician, was one of the kickers. He is very outspoken about it, and says that although heretofore he has never voted anything but the Republican ticket he cannot stand Blaine. He wants Cleveland, and says scores of other members of the League are like him. He has written Governor Cleveland a letter to this effect.—*Philadelphia Times*.

A great library, according to Mr. Winsor, the librarian of Harvard College, should preserve every book and pamphlet published. The worthless track of to-day may prove invaluable to the historian writing in the year 200. Two hundred years after the execution of the great Marquis of Montrose, the account books kept by his agent were discovered. From these the biographer of the Marquis drew much of the history of his hero's early life.

A mulatto girl, with a remarkably pretty but peculiar face, was engaged by a shrewd western showman. He had a tooth extracted from each side of her mouth and inserted a pair of long tusks, covered her ears with false ones like a bear's, and instructed her to utter an unintelligible jargon. Thus she was transformed into a valuable curiosity, but her wages of \$15 a week did not satisfy her. On the arrival of the show in Indianapolis she attempted to quit it, and a row resulted in an exposure of the fraud.

"I am out of politics and have nothing to say about the matter," said Ex-Attorney General Wayne Mac Veagh yesterday, when spoken to about the evidence of General Swain and Boynton before the Springer committee regarding his employment of Mr. Cook as counsel in the Star route trials. "I knew nothing about Mr. Cook. Like Mr. Conkling, I am devoting myself to my profession and have already told all that I have to say concerning the Star route affair. I shall take no part in the present campaign and wish to be considered entirely out of politics."

Senator Vance drew a sigh that seemed as though it might shatter his whole bulk when he was asked the other day if he wanted Congress to adjourn. "I long for adjournment," he said. "I want to go fishing. The campaign is about to burst over my State and the country, but I'll go fishing once if I die for it. I want to get back to old North Carolina. I want to wake up in the morning and see the pine trees and I want to smell them when I go to bed, as their perfume floats into the window and makes me dream that I am a child again. Yes, verily, I want to go out into our old fields once more and see a nigger plowing with a one-eyed mule, with a coffee sack for a plow-line."

"You are an awful fool, John Smith," she said to her husband with emphasis.

"I know I am," he humbly acknowledged.

"And have been ever since I married you."

"Longer than that, my dear, longer than that."

"Quite likely."

"Yes," he went on, sadly, "I have been an awful fool ever since the day I asked you to marry me."

BROOKLYN, July 6.—During his sermon this morning the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, referring to cremation, said that the idea of the resurrection of the body would present a last objection to the pagan custom of burning the dead. There might be sanitary reasons in crowded populations or reasons of preference in favor of cremation, but all the beliefs of English and German-speaking people were violated by the idea of such disposition of bodies.

Mr. Tilden's health and habits are thus mentioned by a friend: "The ex-Governor received visitors all of the morning of the Fourth and went about his spacious grounds at Greystone with them for nearly two hours. This morning I saw him about. He attended to some business and to his correspondence and took a long ride in the afternoon. Mr. Tilden is a great reader, often extending this occupation to a late hour in the evening. He goes out almost daily in his yacht and seems to be improving in health rather than otherwise."

It is announced already that Mr. McKinley, of Ohio, is looking across the chasm of a great many years to the time when he shall be Speaker of the House. He must himself be elected to the next Congress, his party must also secure the caucus nomination. Having all these contingencies in view it will scarcely be politic for Mr. McKinley to distribute the patronage of the office until he has surmounted at least some of the intervening obstacles. Besides, although Mr. McKinley is a very respectable man, there may be some difficulty in securing this place for an Ohio man. The prostration of the country resulting from the Keifer incident was so great that the Ohio man of the future will be handled with much caution.—*Philadelphia Times*.

The naturalists of the Smithsonian Institute are quite excited over the presence of a live, big horn mountain sheep in their midst, for, owing to the great difficulty of capturing this hardy mountaineer and keeping him alive when captured, no animal of this species has ever been seen before this side of the Missouri river. This specimen is in fine, healthy condition at present, as are all the animals, but it is not likely to live long in captivity. It has already distinguished itself by clearing a fence ten feet high at a single bound. It has for a companion a genuine hybrid, or cross between itself and a domestic sheep, covered with a mixture of wool and hair, but more strongly resembling its male parent from the mountains than the domestic species.

There is no confidence in the circles of the Administration that Mr. Blaine can be elected. The reports from the best-informed sources are unfavorable to his success. The argument most effective in procuring the nomination at Chicago was that the October State of Ohio would lead off with a great majority, and thus largely determine the result in November. The German-American citizen hold the balance of power in Ohio. They were elected Gov. Hoadly by more than 12,000 majority over Foraker, under very adverse circumstances, and in an aggregate vote very nearly equal to that of the preceding Presidential election, when Garfield's majority over Hancock exceeded 30,000.

This great change in so short a time was caused by the sumptuary legislation, which drove the Germans, who had hitherto been the mainstay of the Republicans, to the other side. They would not submit to an encroachment on their personal rights and they abandoned party to vindicate a principle.

What is the present situation? There are seventeen Republican papers published in the German language in Ohio. They naturally exercise a large influence over that population. Every one of them has declared against Blaine and Logan. Hence, the outlook for the Chicago ticket in that State, which was the corner stone of Blaine's strength in the Convention, is by no means cheerful.

A similar sentiment prevails among the German-Americans in Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, and other Western States, which is also largely shared by those in the great Eastern cities. If this vote should be detached from the Republicans, as now seems probable, it is difficult to discover how the loss can be made up, without some unexpected change in the relations of parties.—*N. Y. Sun*.

## What Congress Has Done.

The actual working time of the session of Congress which is now terminating aggregates 165 days. In that time there have been introduced in the Senate 2,367 bills and 37 joint resolutions and in the House 7,507 bills and 284 resolutions. Of these 95 Senate bills and 10 Senate resolutions have passed both houses and become laws by Executive approval, and 62 House bills and 32 House resolutions have become laws in the same manner. Three House bills also became laws without the action of the President and one was returned to the House with his veto.

Of the measures introduced in the Senate 368 bills and 17 joint resolutions were indefinitely postponed and 6 bills were laid upon the table. In the House 14 bills and 3 joint resolutions were postponed indefinitely.

A majority of the measures introduced in both houses related to matters not of general importance, such as bills for private relief and pensions, for the erection of public buildings, bridging of rivers and for other improvements of only local importance. The following include the most important measures passed by both houses and signed by the President: To reduce the rate of postage on newspapers and periodical publications of the second class when sent by others than the publisher or news agent to one cent for each four ounces; to prevent and punish the counterfeiting in the United States of bonds or other securities of foreign governments; to grant fifteen days' leave of absence with pay in each year to letter-carriers; to remove certain burdens from the American merchant marine (commonly known as the Dingley shipping bill); to establish a bureau of animal industry, prevent the exportation of diseased cattle and provide for the suppression and extirpation of pleuro-pneumonia and other contagious diseases among domestic animals; to repeal the act of 1862, to authorize the relief of Lieutenant Greely; to relieve from the charge of desertion certain soldiers of the late war who, after having served faithfully until the close of the war, left their commands without leave; to reorganize the corps of judges advocate of the army; to establish a Bureau of Navigation in the Treasury Department.

The following measures have been incorporated in recent appropriation bills and become laws: To appoint a commission to visit the several countries of Central and South America to collect information as to the best mode of securing more intimate international and commercial relations between the countries and the United States; to create a board of pension appeals, to be appointed by the Secretary of the Interior; to provide for the appointment of a scientific commission, which may, in the name of the United States Government, conduct a national conference of electricians in Philadelphia in the autumn of 1884; to authorize the President, in case of threatened or actual epidemic, to use the unexpended balance of appropriation made by the act of August 7, 1882, and March 3, 1883, not to exceed one hundred thousand dollars, in aid of State and local boards, or otherwise, in his discretion, in preventing and suppressing the spread of the same and maintaining quarantine at point of danger; to prevent the admission to the Government Hospital for the Insane of inmates of the Soldiers' Home who are now or may hereafter become insane; to provide that it shall not be lawful for the head of any executive department or of any bureau, branch or office of the government to cause to be printed, nor for the Public Printer to print, any document or matter of any character whatever except that which is authorized by law and necessary to administer the public business, nor any bureau officer to embrace in his annual report to be presented any matter not directly pertaining to the duties of his office as prescribed by law; to appropriate \$375,000 to pay the rebate tax on tobacco.

## The Pig Started It.

HAWLEY, Pa., July 4.—The Haseer farm, in the southeastern part of this county, kept matters lively for three days this week. First, the twelve-year-old son of Farmer Haseer was playing with a younger boy by the name of Chapman. A neighboring farmer's boy came along, driving a pig that objected to going in the direction the boy wanted. It ran toward the Chapman and Haseer boys. Young Chapman ran and clambered over a low well curb to get out of the pig's way. Young Haseer climbed on a fence. The pig went on up the road and the neighboring farmer's boy following after it. Then young Haseer ran to the well curb in time to see his young playmate tumble to the bottom of the well, a distance of twenty feet. The Haseer boy shouted for help, and then climbed over the curb and let himself down into the well by the clinks in the wall. He reached the other boy, and held his hand above water until Farmer Haseer got to the well, let the bucket down, and hauled them both out uninjured.

The next day Farmer Haseer and his wife drove to a neighboring village to do some trading at the store. Mrs. Haseer weighs over 200 pounds. On their way home their horse took fright and ran away. Farmer Haseer was thrown to the ground. Mrs. Haseer was tossed over the dashboard. She alighted on the whistle-tree, and, seizing hold of one of the thills, managed to keep that position for over a mile, although in constant danger of being kicked to death by the running horse. Then the horse was stopped. Mrs. Haseer has been seriously ill ever since.

The third day Farmer Haseer hitched another horse to a patent cultivator and went to work in his corn field. His son, who went down the well to rescue his playmate, led the horse between the rows. In the barnyard near by, a number of cows were lying and standing about. Beyond them was a well. In an adjoining field another son of Farmer Haseer was digging still another well. A fifteen-year-old daughter of Farmer Haseer was churning on the back stoop of the house, not a great way from the barn. In one of the furrows the boy who was leading the horse came to a large stone. He let the horse stop and stepped around the stone. The horse sprang to grasp the bit and lead him back. This frightened the horse, and it started to run. Farmer Haseer was unable to stop it by holding back on the handles of the cultivator. The horse cleared two pairs of bars and the barnyard gate, and took what was left of the cultivator with him among the cows. The cows scattered away. In her haste one cow knocked over the well-curb. Another cow, following her, fell with her hind parts in the well, holding to the edge with her forelegs. Farmer Haseer and the boy ran on after the horse. The daughter left her churning and ran to the aid of the cow hanging in the well. She caught it by the horns, with the vain thought that she could either pull it out or keep it from falling deeper, and shouted to her brother, who was digging the well in the other field. This scared the cow and she began to struggle to get out. In her struggles she loosened her hold on the edge of the well, and fell to the bottom. The girl let go the horns in time to remain above and help her brother. The brother, when he saw the situation, got help and brought the windless he was using in digging the other well. The cow was 32 feet down in the well, where she was stuck. The water was still 18 feet below her. A man went down the well, attached a rope to the cow, and three men working at the windlass above drew her to the surface.

Within an hour Farmer Haseer and his boy were plunging in the corn again, the cows were once more in the barn yard as though nothing had happened, the well curb was reestablished, the other son was digging again at the other well in the adjoining field, and the daughter had taken up her churning where she had left off.—*N. Y. Sun*.

## A Leap-Year Episode.

There was a party across the river the other night. Toward the close she slipped to his side and sweetly asked:

"Going home by yourself, Charles?"

"Guess so."

"Would you like some one to see you home?"

"Depends on who it is." His answers were short and crusty. Many a one would have been disconcerted, but Lucy was not of that kind. She still persevered.

"Some young lady, I mean."

"Depends on who the young lady is," said the brute.

"Some one about my size," persisted the angel.

"There are several here about your size."

"There is only one exactly my size."

"See here, Lucy," said Charles, "if you want to take me home I guess you can."

"Oh," she replied, "I've no particular desire to take you home, but, as I was going, I thought you—"

He interrupted her with an "All right," and together they left.

He was leaning on her arm, and silently they meandered over the frozen streets. They stopped at his door. He invited her in.

"No, Charles, I won't go in, but I want to tell you something."

By the light of the street lamp on the corner Charles's face was seen to grow pale as she continued:

"I am abundantly able to support a husband. I have a bank account of a good size. I love you, Charles, and can give you a good support. Will you be mine, dearest?"

"Lucy," gasped the brute, "you've no idea what it takes to support a husband—"

She interrupted him.

"Darling, if it should be necessary, I would work from morning until night, and even take in washing and sewing; you shall want for nothing. Only say you will be mine."

"No, Lucy, it cannot be. I shall always love you as a brother, watch over your pathway through life, and should you stand in need of advice or assistance you can rely on my willingness to assist you; but I can never marry you."

"Then you refuse me?"

"Yes."

"Base wretch!" she exclaimed, "you will live to repent your hasty decision, for to-morrow my dead body will be found in the cold waters of the river." And, clasping him in her arms in one convulsive embrace, she fled into outer darkness.

## Wood Pulp in Danger.

Senator Warren Miller complained to Collector Robertson yesterday that large quantities of wood pulp were being imported at this port from Sweden and entered at the Custom House below value. The Senator said that the fraudulent importations were injuring the domestic manufacture of wood pulp, in which he is largely interested.

Officers were detailed from Special Treasury Agent Brockett's staff to investigate the charges. They reported

that the manufacture of wood pulp had only just begun in Europe, and that about \$57,000 worth had been shipped here. It had been invoiced at \$15 a ton, which is \$12 a ton less than the domestic article is valued at. Fifty tons of wood pulp, which arrived on the steamship Geiser a day or two ago, has been ordered to the public stores for investigation.

## A Freak of Love's Thunderbolts.

On Sunday afternoon the storm raged furiously and heaven's artillery flashed, often to the consternation of many a woman. After the storm has ceased Archy Roberts, colored, went to the stables to feed his mule. He saw the mule standing on its fore feet and resting on its haunches, as if in the act of rising, and said: "Bill, git up," but Bill listened not to his words. Supposing the mule was too lazy to rise, he shook Bill's head, but there was no movement on Bill's part. Then the tail was twisted in vain—Bill was dead. The lightning had killed the mule in the act of rising, and there statue-like it stood on its fore feet. Bill has plowed his last furrow and now sorrow sits with poor Archy.—*Shelby (N. C.) Argus*.

## Things, and Other Things.

Being recently in Knoxville on business, I had occasion to visit Gray and National Cemeteries. Knoxville needs a park. The Cemeteries now do duty both as a burial place and as a resort for the city folk. National Cemetery is beautiful and well kept, fenced within by a hedge and without by a stone wall. In the centre rising out of an artificial hillock is a flag-pole from the top of which the national flag floats. Around this pole in circular rows 3000 federal soldiers sleep—2000 known and 1,000 unknown. On the edge of the outer row are a number of cast plates on which are moulded stanzas from Col. Theodore O'Hara's poem: "Bivouac of the Dead." The first one has,

"The muffled drum's sad roll has beat  
The soldiers' last tattoo!  
No more on life's parade shall meet  
That brave but fallen foe,  
On fame's eternal camping ground,  
His silent tents are spread,  
And glory guards with solemn round  
The bivouac of the dead."

These are beautiful lines, the product of a brave Southern man and a Mexican soldier.

They were written after the close of the Mexican war and not after the rebellion as many suppose, it is fit that a nation's soldiers should be honored; but it seems to me that it is adding insult to injury for the Republican party to purloin and misappropriate this poem after stoutly and persistently refusing to do anything for the noble Mexican veterans. The National Republican platform says: "that grateful thanks of the American people are due the Union soldiers." Should not the nation be profoundly grateful to the Mexican soldiers? If the Union soldiers saved the Union, the Mexican soldiers made it worth saving. The Mexican war was worth more to the nation than all the wars since the revolutionary, combined. How circumscribed her boundary, how incomplete her glory would be without that mighty Western empire! I want this plank put in the National Democratic platform: We solemnly arraign the Republican party for its disgraceful neglect of the Mexican soldiers, their widows, and orphans, and the Democratic party pledges itself to redress their wrongs and to give to them the just reward of their noble services for the nation's glory.

## CLEVELAND.

Since the letter of President Tilden has been given to the public, the choice of Cocke county democrats for president is Grover Cleveland. This I think is the sentiment prevailing here. But for Vice President, there is no unanimity of choice. Payne, McDonald, Hoadly, Hampton and Harris are all mentioned. McDonald and Hoadly are favorites, however. Cleveland and Hoadly is the most available ticket, because the independent voters of their states are used to voting for them, and will likely do so again. These men are not personal choices. There are other men in the Democratic party we like better. But these are the strongest men. This is not the year to quarrel over men. Reform in every department of government is too badly needed, and the tax burden of the people is too great for the Chicago convention to hazard success by an unwise choice, or a weather vane platform. THOS. L. CARTY.

## Going Mighty Fast.

We were going west on the Great Western division of the Grand Trunk, and the night was chilly for the latter part of May.

"Hi! porter," said the commercial man in the bank overhead, "can't you give us another blanket? It's duced cool to-night."

"Ain't got another blanket, boss."

"Well, just see what you can do a fellow," said the con, putting his hand through the curtains with a

quarter in it.

"Dunno, boss, but I'll do what I can."

There was hardly a perceptible pause in the porter's measured tread as he passed our section fifteen minutes later, but the curtains parted and a blanket went through the opening as if it had been shot out of a cannon.

"Thought I felt somebody carrying off part of my bedclothes last night," said a passenger in the further end of the car as he worked himself into his boots in the morning.

"Dunno, boss; went mighty fast last night, making up time; probably run from under 'um."—*Detroit Free Press*.

## The Engagement Still On.

"You have heard of papa's trouble, at the bank, George dear?" she asked from beneath the lapel of his coat.

"Your papa's trouble at the bank!" exclaimed George, turning white. "Certainly not! What is it?"

"Why, he is \$4,000,000 behind in his accounts and an investigation is to be had."

"In that case," replied George, coldly, struggling to release himself, "our engagement must—"

"And mamma got a dispatch from him to-day from Canada," interrupted the girl, holding him down by main strength. "He reached there only this morning, and is willing to settle matters at three cents on the dollar."

"Oh!" said George, returning her head to his shoulder and stroking her ringlets fondly.

## Gen. Scharpe's First Case.

"I lost my first case to a miserable little retreating lawyer named Johnny Wood," said Gen. Scharpe, at Chicago during the Convention to a group of Arthur men, who had lost interest in the proceedings and were gathered in his room for the comfort of being together. "I was a graduate of Harvard Law School, and had a good deal of conceit, besides a perfectly good case. When my senior warned me that I would have to meet Johnny Wood I laughed at him. The suit was before a Justice of the Peace. We made out our case, and Wood's client, the plaintiff, made out on fame's eternal camping ground. When Johnny Woods arose to speak he rehearsed the evidence impartially, and then, taking up a book, read the law—such law as I had never heard of, but which fitted his case to a nicety. When he got through I said, 'Mr. Wood, will you allow me to see that statute?'"

"Certainly, sir," he replied, handing me the book closed.

"Ah, thank you; but what page is it on?"

"What page?" he cried, indignant. "Don't expect me to coach you, young man. Find your own law—you. I found mine."

"Of course, I couldn't find it, but Johnny had the laugh and the court with him, and a lost my case, according to law which that scoundrel Wood had made up out of his head just as he spun it out."—*Pittsburg Times*.

## What the Veto Ought to Have Contained.

A reference to the *Army Register* shows that Congress and the President have in no less than ten other cases concurred in doing the very thing which the President now says Congress has no right to do and which he thinks it would be improper for him to do—that is, in restoring to his rank in the service an officer wrongfully dismissed by sentence of court-martial. These cases are those of Surgeon General Hammond, Cap. George A. Armes, Lieutenant Edward R. Clarke, Major Joseph B. Collins, Captain James B. Sinclair, Captain P. W. Stanhope, Lieutenant Lowell A. Chamberlain, Cap. Geo. T. Olmsted. They may be found in the *Army Register*, and they are taken in connection with the President's veto and the votes of many of the Senators, rather odd reading. What the veto ought to have contained was simply this: "For various reasons, political and other, which I intend to keep myself, I do not wish to restore Fitz John Porter to his rank in the army and I am not going to do it. It has been suggested in some quarters that Congress has no constitutional right to authorize or direct me to do it; but this, everybody knows, is mere balderdash."—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

Blaine and Logan have marked out their parts in the brilliant foreign policy. Blaine is to go for Englishmen, while Logan will maul the language.

Charles A. Reed, of Newton, Mass., directed in his will that \$50,000 should be given to the United States for the payment of so much on the public debt. This sum, together with \$3,000 accumulated interest, has just been paid into the sub-Treasury at Boston.

Thomas G. Appleton, of Boston, who died recently had a strong infusion of the traditional Yankee shrewdness. He once advertised a fine horse for sale "for no other reason than that his owner wishes to leave Boston." The facts were that the horse always refused to go over a bridge and that it was impossible to get out of Boston without going over a bridge.